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GENERAL NEWS.

The apple crop this year is only about one-half the usual quantity.

All Cubans confined in prisons in Biscay, Spain, are to be released.

Nine negroes were killed in a race war at Harperville, Miss., Oct. 21.

Gen. Blanco has ordered the sale of Spanish army equipments in Cuba.

Two men were killed and another seriously wounded in a fight at Carter's Creek, Tenn.

It is reported that Queen Victoria wishes to abdicate, being much depressed by recent events.

Concerning the return of Matafa to Somoa, the United States will insist that the Samoans shall elect their own king.

Gen. Gomez, the Cuban commander-in-chief, is reported to have quarreled with his entire staff and all have resigned.

Cuban forces at Guantanamo, Cuba, are still held intact, despite Gen. Perez's promise that he would disband his troops.

During the past few days several Americans have been arrested in Havana for taking pictures of the wreck of the Maine.

The Spanish peace commissioners at Paris plead that their country will be ruined if compelled to assume the Cuban debt.

The pension commissioner denies that there has been any change in the practice of his office concerning rheumatism or deafness.

The recent survey by the government of the mouth of the Yukon river will add 2500 square miles to Uncle Sam's Alaska domain.

Secretary Alger has issued an order changing the post regulations and taxes of Porto Rico to correspond with those of this country.

A deal is on foot in the Indian Territory by which John D. Rockefeller, the great coal oil magnate, is to secure control of all coal lands there.

Boston is preparing to celebrate the 26th anniversary of the big fire of November 9, 1872, in which $80,000,000 worth of property was destroyed.

The board of medical officers in the field reports that the common housefly is an important factor in the dissemination of typhoid fever in army camps.

Commander Ballington Booth has organized the Federation of Christian Workers, distinct from, but affiliated with, the American Salvation Volunteers.

Naval Constructor Hobson now has the operation of raising the cruiser Cristobal Colon well under way and feels certain that he will be able to save the ship.

Prince Victor Bonaparte is said to have been approached by the military conspirators in Paris with a proposition to overthrow the government and establish an empire.

The Spanish cruiser Maria Teresa, of Cervera's fleet, sunk at Santiago, Cuba, and raised recently by Lieut. Hobson, will sail for the United States before the end of this month.

Col. Waring says that Havana is the dirtiest city he ever saw, and that the sanitary work there absolutely unavoidable to prevent pestilence will be enormous and cost millions of dollars.

The highest mountain peak in the world, elevation above the sea 20,000 feet, recently discovered in Alaska by the Eldridge surveying party, is said to have been found by two young men in 1896, and named McKinley.

Winston, N. C., claims the distinction of selling more pounds of leaf tobacco direct from the hands of the farmer than any other loose market in the world. The present tobacco year the market will sell 2,000,000 more pounds of tobacco than it has ever sold before, the sales reaching to more than 48,000,000 pounds.

ALL ABOUT THE CANARIES.

Not the South Sea Islands Nor the Little Yellow Songster, But the Broom Corn "Bird" of Illinois.

BUSHTON, ILL., Oct. 12.

Dear Sir: Am here in the land of the "sucker" and having a grand old time. Nit!

I came here in the beginning of broom-corn harvest, and I consider it as a special manifestation of the Divine Ruler's favor toward me that I am still in existence in an earthly state. And you cannot be surprised at such an expression if you ever cut broom corn on a dewy morning in October. But I am sure you never engaged in such nefarious work, else if death did not ensue at once, your mind would have been so impaired by the complication of evils attending it that you would not have been competent to dig gin-seng much less run a country newspaper like the "Dear Old HERALD." But for the sake of any who may wish to partake, let me advise: Go East, and live to a ripe old age rather than drown your young hopes and aspirations in Illinois broom-corn dust a foot thick and world wide, said dust having a special affinity for the lungs and other breathing apparatus. It also produces an itching sensation of a very peculiar kind, something like sticking 40,000 needles through the cutis. And the hard part of it is that each man must consume so much dust before he becomes a full-fledged broom-corn "canary," a class of people much respected and sought after during broom-corn harvest. Why, they actually think so much of them that they give their favorites an extra bunch of hay in the top of the mow.

Well, aside from the many difficulties attending the broom-corn canaries' short life, this is a most desirable country to live in.

The prairie I am on was a few short years ago entirely under water; but an excellent system of canals and sewers has rendered the rich farming lands available for the raising of broom and Indian corn in large quantities. This country is also being well stocked with bluegrass from old Kentucky. Wheat and oats are also raised extensively.

Well, Mr. Cooper, I have just about completed an invention of incalculable value to the human race. I intend to secure a patent on it at once. It is an automatic self-kicker, to be used individually if subject should ever again attempt to work in broom-corn harvest.

D. C. James, a former Wolfe county boy, but now of Bushton, recently purchased a prairie farm of Elsberry O'Hair, for $60 per acre, and I can honestly say that Mr. James is a man of whom Wolfe county may well be proud. He came to Illinois 14 years ago without a cent and with poor prospects of increasing his wealth, but by industry, honesty and perseverence he is now possessed of a good farm in an excellent locality. A good example of what a man can do when actuated by right motives and backed by the will power to succeed in any undertaking.

James H. Swango, of Memphis, Tenn., was a visitor(?) here during broom-corn harvest.

Joe Murphy, of Maytown, Ky., who has been rusticating and ruminating over the rich pasture lands of Illinois for nearly a fortnight, was suddenly seized with an incontrollable desire to see "mama," and when last seen was clinging desperately to the "rods" of an eastern bound freight.

Harry Perkins, of this place, recently informed your correspondent that every time he takes a drink of Kentucky whisky he is so affected by the proceeding that he is tempted to fly back to the hills of Eastern Kentucky and there drown his sorrow in a keg of Drue Lacy's mountain dew.

I saw in your edition of last week that my old friend and schoolmate, Banford Mannin, had been mentioned by the commonwealth of Clifty precinct as a legislative possibility. While there is not a more promising young man in Eastern Kentucky (in Clifty precinct, any way), still he is only promising, and not yet an acknowledged fact. And, while I should like to vote for him when I get old enough, still I would think it the duty of Kentucky Democracy, remembering the result of our last election, to place its interests in the hands of veterans, tried and true, from the battlefields of the past. At least select men for your standard-bearers that have some knowledge of your country's laws and customs; and men who have the best interests of their fellow-men in view, as a mark to reach.

No, Banford, I think you are a little premature. Go a few more terms to Hazel Green Academy; study Democracy as taught by THE HERALD, and the time may come, not more than 50 years hence, when you may climb the political ladder of politics step by step, but not at a single bound.

With kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Cooper, I am,

Sincerely yours,
EDWARD TAULBEE.

ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

Our Flying Correspondent Again Sends Us An Interesting Batch of News About Former Citizens.

George W. Nickell and wife, who are making their home with Jeff Nickell, near Rich Hill, Mo., are in poor health and would like to get back among their old friends in Wolfe county.

° ° °

If some young doctor wants to make his "jack" he should strike some of the suburbs of Kansas City. The numerous packing houses furnish employment for everybody, and money seems to be plentiful.

° ° °

Mrs. Nancy Harman, of Big Cabin, I. T., has not been able to walk for two years. Rheumatism has partially paralyzed her lower limbs She contents herself in an invalid's chair and otherwise is enjoying good health.

° ° °

Henry Pratt, a prominent stock man of Warrensburg, Mo., is contemplating a visit to Gillmore. He is a son of Oliver Pratt, a brother to the late Henry Pratt of Gillmore creek. Mr. Pratt has been a citizen of the West for 30 years and has made and lost a number of fortunes. At present he is comfortably quartered on a fine stock farm of 400 acres.

° ° °

Charley Swango said his prayers the other day, and said 'em loud and long. He was taking a ride in the giant see-saw at Omaha and when about 200 feet in the air a heavy gale struck them blowing 70 miles per hour, which came near upsetting the car and dumping the dozen or more passengers on the ground. Every sinner of 'em went to his knees and prayed fervently for a safe deliverance. Charley says he thought his time was at an end and that the car would drop any second.

° ° °

The president had a fine reception at Omaha, but not nearly so enthusiastic a one as he received at the Tennesse centennial. He made a magnificent speech, incidentally defending the administration's war policy, but did not commit himself on territorial expansion or anything else, as is usually the case. Over 20,000 people listened to his address and everyone seemed rejoiced to see and hear their chief executive. A thousand Indians on dress parade marched in front of the presidential party and assured the "Great Father" of their desire for lasting peace with the pale face.

° ° °

During my visit to Omaha it was my pleasure to meet Thos. Nickell, who left Hazel Green 44 years ago. He has been a resident of Omaha the greater part of the time and was one of the pioneers in the stock yards at that place. It was a great pleasure to him to learn of the old landmarks at Hazel Green and vicinity, and he may make that section a visit soon. He has retired from business and is living quietly with his family. One son is a prosperous farmer in Missouri, another is on the battleship Oregon and a daughter is a teacher in the Omaha High School. I could have known Uncle Tom by his voice, and in 30 seconds we were well acquainted. In fact he has been a reader of THE HERALD so long that he is well posted as to the whereabouts of Kentucky people. He is an ardent silver man, and says Bryan's trip to Cuba will make him the Napoleon of America.

J. H. S.

Argentine, Kansas, Oct. 20.

"I WANT TO GO HOME,"

Is the Cry of Some of the Fourth Kentucky, But the Wolfe County Boys Are in Health and Spirits.

CAMP SHIPP, ANNISTON, ALA., October 19, 1898.

Hon. Spencer Cooper—Dear Sir: Being an old scribe to your grand paper, and not having written any thing to it for sometime, I thought I would let you know something of our regiment and its whereabouts. We are located about one-half mile from the above town on a beautiful hill among the green oaks and mossy stones, which are very numerous in this country. Certainly the site for a camp could not be better, and very nearly all of the boys are satisfied so far as the camp is concerned. But there are other things that make them long for home, and very near all of them are dissatisfied with the army. They say as the war is over that they think it just and right to discharge them, for they wish to return to the enjoyments and comforts of home. They sacrificed all freedom and gave themselves up to their country, and if necessary to lay down their lives in defense of it. And now, hostilities being at an end they wish to return again to the peaceful pursuits of civil life. Such are the complaints of most of the boys of the Fourth. That, with the fond remembrance of the girls they left behind them has placed them in a state of solitude and despair, although they continue to take an interest in drilling and preparing for active service should they be needed.

Pay day has rolled around and the boys are again setten' 'em up. Once more they are content as long as Uncle Sam's filthy lucre lasts. We are still in tents, and it is very disagreeable owing to the unusual cold weather here, there being some frost every morning. But it is very pleasant during the day. We are all drawing a new supply of blankets, overcoats and gloves, and expect to be more comfortable in the future.

The general opinion of both officers and men now is that we will be sent back to Kentucky to spend the winter, but of course no one knows. Some think we will be sent further South, if not to Cuba.

The health of the regiment is extremely good, there being only 56 in the hospital and only four deaths since we came here. All the cases are measles or a light form of fever. Being properly cared for they are rapidly recovering and the list gradually growing less.

All the boys from around Hazel Green are well and in the best of spirits. Fearing I will impose upon generosity and take too much of your valuable space I will now close.

Give my regards to all the people in and around Hazel Green.

Wishing you and the grand old HERALD success, I am,

Respectfully yours,
CORP. GEO. TAULBEE,
Co. D, 4th Ky. Inf.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

THE UNWRITTEN LETTER.

The streets of the city seemed filled with delight
And glad with the babble of joy;
Gay voices of pleasure made merry the night
And dwelt in the thoughts of a boy.
The reefs of distress in that ocean of strife
Were hid in its sparkle and foam,
And youth found no time in the laughter of life
To write to the loved ones at home.

He loved them, ah yes! for he knew they were true
And would serve him in sickness or health,
No task but their hands would most joyfully do
To aid him in want or in wealth.
At morning and evening they whispered his name,
Though far from their paths he might roam,
Yet found he no time in his pleasures—for shame!—
To write to the loved ones at home.

A message—"your mother is dead"—and she died
With the name of her boy on her tongue.
And oh, for the letter her heart was denied!—
The song that can never be sung.
And all through the years he was angry at fate,
Quite after the manner of men,
But oh! 't was forever and ever too late
To write to that mother again.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip. It is this meeting that the following chapter describes.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

They were running swiftly down grade now, following the windings of the San Mateo, but she made a rush for her section, grabbed the handsome silver-mounted bag that lay just within reach, and with bowed head and beat form was hastening on, when the forward trucks struck a sharp curve, the big car gave a sudden lurch that tumbled her into the section directly in front of the blissful couple, and sprawled her ignominiously upon the front seat. The occupant of the other was a snoring commercial traveler. Her bag dropped in the crash, fell to the floor, and burst open, and before she could recover herself or its contents, the man in gray had sprung to her aid, had bundled an escaping scent-flask and other trifles back into the receptacle, shut its silver lips with a snap, and, bowing courteously, endeavored to restore it. Averting her face—covering it almost with her handkerchief—she strove to rise and go her way, but the car still swayed and swung. He put forth a helping hand to lift her to her feet, but she did not see it. Scrambling out, still hiding her face, she seized again her satchel, and, never looking, never speaking, hurried past him and disappeared at the forward end of the car, leaving Merriam gazing blankly, fixedly after her.

"Didn't she speak to you at all?" asked the bride, a moment later, as Merriam, with a strange, dazed look on his face, returned to his seat by her side. "I'm afraid she's dreadfully hurt, for her knee struck the seat-arm ever so hard."

And still Merriam could not speak.

"What is it, Randy?" she whispered, after a moment's anxious study of his face. "You look so—unlike yourself."

With an effort he pulled himself together. "Did you see her face, Floy, dear? What was she like?"

"Why, she's a blonde with—I only got a glimpse, Randy—she's a blonde with light hair and blue eyes. She might be pretty. Why, dear?" And the dear came so timidly.

"I thought—I had seen her before, but it's impossible—absurd. Go on and tell me what Mrs. Grafton wrote you, sweetheart. Never mind the capsized blonde just now."

But he himself could "mind" no one else when, half an hour later, there came tripping down the aisle from the ladies' toilet-room a slender, graceful, stylishly-draped figure with such a radiantly-pretty girl-woman face—a fair, sweet blonde, with lovely curling hair, the brightest of big blue eyes, the rosiest of tiny mouths, with glimpses of snow-white teeth as she smilingly approached and, with infinite grace, held out a prettily gloved hand.

"To think that I should have been here in time to tender my congratulations! Won't you present me to Mrs. Merriam?"

And Randolph Merriam, for once in his life, was utterly at a loss what to say or do. He could hardly speak. He could hardly breathe. "Floy," he finally said—and his tone was strange and cold—"this is Mrs. McLane, of New York, an old—acquaintance," then turned away as Mrs. McLane effusively, delightedly bent over that she might shake hands with the bride.

It was early evening—too early for twilight effects, yet the shadows were falling thick on Florence Merriam's wedding-day before the setting of the glowing sun.

CHAPTER III.

Two days after the receipt of the announcement of Fanny Hayward's engagement to Mr. McLane and a few weeks before the marriage, Randolph Merriam had left Fort Sedgwick in command of a detachment of cavalry escorting a government survey to the Mescalero range. It was not his tour. The detail belonged to Harrison, a younger officer, who had been saving up all winter for a two-months' leave and a chance to spend his savings at the great exposition at Chicago. A relentless colonel would allow him no leave, because it was his turn for field duty, and because so many officers wished to go to the fair that it was out of the question as to expect anyone to offer to take the detail for him. The detachment would be in the field at least three months, possibly four. Harrison, consequently, was the bluest man at Sedgwick, and said more hard things about government surveys, and more improper things, than could well be recorded here. Everybody had been congratulating Merriam on the final receipt of what the lawyers didn't "scoop" of his little legacy, and for two weeks he had been as happy as Harrison was miserable. Then, to the utter amaze of everybody, just the day before it was time for the command to start it was announced that Harrison's application for leave had gone forward approved, and that Merriam had asked for and been granted the luxury of a three or four months' jog through the roughest and most forbidding of mountain ranges. He had even got the colonel's permission to go ahead and wait for the detachment at the old mission on the Santa Clara, and had started late at night, accompanied only by an orderly. People couldn't believe their ears, and the post commander rejoiced in the possession of a secret even his wife couldn't coax out of him—the conscienceless, crabbed old crank! as one of his garrison, not subject to court-martial, described him. The adjutant had to admit that Merriam had been closeted with the K. O. nearly half an hour, and had looked black and blue both, but no blacker, no bluer, when he came out than when he went in. No, he did not think that anybody else had complained of Merriam's owing him money. He did not think anybody had had a word to say against him. The old man had simply sent for the adjutant right after the interview and remarked: Mr. Blossom, you can tell Mr. Harrison he may submit that application for leave and I'll forward it approved. Mr. Merriam has my consent to take that escort in his stead." But hadn't he told anybody? Didn't anybody know? were the very natural questions asked. No. Merriam's one intimate and chum in his regiment was Bill Whittaker, and Bill was away up at Santa Fe at the time, a witness before a general court-martial. Merriam was a frequent visitor at the Haynes' quarters, and everybody knew taht in his own regiment he had no warmer friends than Capt. and Mrs. Lawrence Hayne, of the Riflers, and Merriam had had a long talk with Hayne before calling on the colonel. But no one who knew either Hayne or his charming wife ever thought of trying to extract from them information as to other people's personal affairs. Old Buxton, the dragoon-of-the-old-army-sort of a lieutenant colonel, did try to pump the captain, but was most coolly and civilly snubbed for his pains. Buxton was a man Hayne never spoke to except in the most formal way. There had been some trouble between them ever so long ago, when Hayne was a young second lieutenant and "Bux" the senior captain of the —th cavalry. The softening touch of time had effaced much of the bitterness of that old, old story. Hayne had twice been stationed at the same garrison with Buxton, and found it awkward to preserve the rule of nonintercourse with a field officer who was frequently in command, so he spoke respectfully and courteously to his senior whenever they met, but the courtesy was as cold and the meetings as rare as he could make them. Bux, however, "bore no malice," as he said, and was quite ready to be magnanimous and forgive Hayne for what had transpired in the past, but then Buxton, not Hayne, had been the offender. Indeed, Buxton was a pachyderm on whom snubs had little effect. He believed Hayne knew why Merriam had asked for his most undesirable detail, and so importuned him with eager inquiry—all to no purpose. Harrison blissfully went on to Chicago and Merriam out to the Mescalero, and was no more heard of or from for several weeks. Then the news came that he was seriously ill with mountain fever at the cantonment on Catamount creek, and Bill Whittaker was hurried thither to take over the command.

In a week there came a letter from him to Capt. Hayne, and this was what it said:

"I found the dear old boy convalescing, but woefully limp and weak. Tremaine says he was wild as a loon when the men brought him in. They saw that he was burning with fever for days, and begged him to go to the cantonment for medical attention, but he bade them mind their own business and obstinately stuck to the work. The gentlemen of the survey soon saw that he was going flighty and, later, delirious, and they took the responsibility of telling the sergeant he must be sent thither. They made a fore-and-aft litter by lashing saplings together, hitched on a couple of pack-mules, roped Randy inside the thing, and made a four-day march of it. Luckily, Tremaine had a capital medical officer and Randy a splendid constitution. The fever had a big start, but Dr. Wells and Tremaine's people were utterly devoted to him, and pulled him through, but you never saw such a living skeleton. Dr. Wells says he will mend rapidly now, as he eats about six square meals a day and is hungry between times. Mrs. Tremaine nursed him like a mother. Heaven bless her! and now Miss Florence reads to him by the hour."

And at this point in Whittaker's innocent missive, Mrs. Hayne, who was clinging to her husband's arm and reading with him, suddenly looked up in his face and said: "Oh, Lawrence! wouldn't that be—almost ideal?"

"Floy" Tremaine, as she was called in the regiment, was an only child, born and reared in the Riflers. Two years of her life had been spent in the east at school, but with that exception it had known no companionship or association outside the garrison that was the temporary home of her father's company. An open-air, joyous, healthful life it was, admirable for nerves, arteries and digestion, yet destructive to complexion, for at 15 Floy Tremaine was as brown as a Navajo, when they took her to St. Anne's to school, where she was promptly dubbed "the Squaw." The first six months there, despite the fact that her mother was near at hand, took a good deal of heart out of Florence and some of the prairie tan from her face. Her big, soft brown eyes grew even more eloquent and pathetic, and her pretty mouth gained some wistful lines about its sensitive corners. She did not take to city girls, nor did they to her, until her father came in on leave, and, noting the change in his precious child, took counsel with an old Manhattan friend, ordered a swell riding costume forthwith, and bade her join the class at Dickel's academy—not that she needed teaching to ride, but the exercise and open air to be had in the daily demure canter in the park. One or two of the girls were quite dashing horsewomen, and excited the envy and admiration of their classmates by the ease with which they took the conventional leaps at the hurdles and bars; and when one of them, flushed with triumph, after receiving

"Florence reads to him by the hour."

the compliments of the master, reined up beside our silent Florence, on a rainy afternoon when their ride had to be had within doors, and rather patronizingly queried: "Ah, don't you do something of this sort out on the plains, Miss Tremaine?" Florence reddened a bit and said, "The children do sometimes," which led to prompt inquiry as to her meaning, and the explanation that the cavalry horses and even the Indian ponies would take such obstacles in their stride and hardly rise to the leap at all. Asked to illustrate, she put her bay at the hurdles, clearing them like a bird; then, turning to Miss De Ruyter, she said: "You noticed even this horse hardly had to spring. Now if Mr. Dickel will let me have the bar a foot higher I can show you where he has to exert himself a bit;" and she did, and no other one of the girls dared attempt it. Then she asked to have her saddle removed and rode her horse over the hurdles bareback, and when he was going at an easy canter about the ring amazed the class by leaping lightly off and on again, her slim, strong young hands grasping the mane, yet never dragging upon the rein. This made her envied, but hardly enviable, for the erstwhile champions of the school gave it out that she had been a "child wonder" in some far-western circus. It wasn't until Flo's second year at St. Anne's that she began to find either friends or appreciation there. When she left at the close of that second year, there was one set at least among whose members she was well-nigh worshiped. She had not finished the course. She needed at least one more year, said the teachers, but it couldn't be. Tremaine had listened to the tempter, invested his scant savings in a Colorado mine that for one year gave dividends galore, and then—gave out. There could be no separate establishment maintained on the pay of a captain of infantry, who was keeping up a heavy life insurance. Florence and her mother were recalled to the Riflers, and, to still further promote the economy demanded by their misfortune, Capt. Tremaine begged to be allowed to go to the cantonment on the Catamount, relieving with his company a like force that had been there in exile over a year. People at regimental headquarters thought it absolutely heartless in him to take Mrs. Tremaine and dear Florence to such a desert, so near the Navajos to the north, and so exposed to danger from predatory bands of Apaches from across the Arizona line. But neither Mrs. Tremaine nor Florence shared their views. Floy was to have her books, her birds, her horse; her mother could direct her reading, and, as for companionship, there was Mrs. Lee, the wife of their first lieutenant; she was barely 25, and a charming young matron; and Jimmy Crofton, their junior sub, was engaged and would soon bring his bride out to join. She didn't doubt that they would have a perfectly lovely time, hunting, fishing, exploring in the mountains, and riding races down the Catamount. Florence's face would glow with enthusiasm; it would become transfigured, radiant—yes, almost pretty, said some of the ladies—so proud did she seem to feel at sharing her father's lot. So, though few agreed that Florence was a beauty, all decreed that she was a trump, a fond and dutiful daughter, a sweet, sunny-natured child, who would make a lovely woman and wife one of these days. "Only," said Mrs. Hayne, with a world of tenderness in her tone—"only I hope it may be the right man. Girls with those big brown eyes love so deeply."

The cantonment turned out to be something of an Eden as an army post. Four companies had once been stationed there, so there was lots of room, but after the last lot of Apache marauders had been translated to the shores of the Atlantic, matters aboriginal quieted down in Arizona and western New Mexico. The cavalry were needed elsewhere, and could not easily be supplied at so isolated a post; so the two troops were marched back to the valley of the Bravo, and then, soon after Tremaine moved thither, it was decided to recall one of the two infantry commands maintained there; that sent Capt. Thompson back to headquarters, and left only the Tremaines, the Lees and Dr. Wells, for Jimmy Crofton's fiancee's father had got him away on detached service; and this was the commissioned society left at Catamount when Randy Merriam, borne in a litter, delirious and wearing the willow for Fanny McLane, was brought in to be nursed and coddled back to health again, and Tremaine made ready for him a big, airy room under his own roof.

Not for six weeks was Randy able to ride again, and states have been lost and won in less. There is little need of dwelling on the progressive stages of the unpremeditated siege. Billy Whittaker got there comparatively early in the game, when convalescence had just begun to be assured—when Florence, shy and soft of voice, was just beginning the daily readings aloud to her patient—readings which, as such, began soon to shorten, though reader and audience remained long and longer in each other's presence. By and by the book was but a superfluity. It lay unopened in her lap, as she sat, with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks, beside the hammock wherein her hero patient lay, and the anxious mother noted how, little by little, the girl's soft, silvery tones would become hushed—how his voice, deep and strong again, yet tender and subdued, would take up the thread of some old, old story; and one day in alarm she fled to her husband's study, for Florence was weeping in her room.

"Do not interfere by look or word," said that wise man. "He will be well enough to rejoin his fellows in the field next week, and they'll soon get over it. If they don't—they can get married. That will put an end to it."

"But think," persisted his better half, "it's Florence I'm troubled about. It's she who may not soon get over it. Hers is a deep—"

But here the captain arose and amazed his wife by taking her in his arms and speaking with a choking sob in his voice:

"Don't talk of it, Dot!" he said. "I'm the one to blame. I never thought of Brownie as anything but a child until three days ago. I've been praying you wouldn't see it—that there'd be nothing more to see, but—" and here the gray stubble about the captain's mouth began to twitch and work convulsively, and he had to stop.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Qualified Juror.

"You look troubled," said a St. Louis man to a neighbor.

"I am bothered about that boy of mine."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He is so stupid he can't learn to read and write, and doesn't seem to have good sense. What will become of him when he grows up?"

"I wouldn't worry about him. He will be all right. He will have a steady job on juries at $2 a day. That's more than many a bright young man can earn."—N. Y. World.

Used to It.

Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored.

Miss Ennui—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

The emperor of Japan, while encouraging horse racing at Tokio, is sternly opposed to betting. He is said to have about 3,000 horses in his various stables.

O. H. Arosin, president of the fire board of St. Paul, resembles Lieut. Hobson very closely, and on a recent visit to the war vessels in New York was congratulated by a number of young women.

Prince Philip of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst, a cousin of the present chancellor of the empire, has found admission in the Benedictine monastery of Seckau, in Stayria, where he now is plain Brother Constantine.

A clergyman was asked at a meeting the other day to introduce to the audience a missionary who had just come from Ceylon. He rose and said: "This faithful missionary comes from Ceylon—a land where, as you all know, 'every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.'"

A Newburg (N. Y.) man died recently and the contents of his cottage were appraised at ten dollars first, but further search showed bills of various denominations tucked away in all sorts of odd corners, in one place mice having made a nest of the value of about $100.

Russell Sage, the New York millionaire, is connected with 27 corporations, in which there are 43 railroads. He is the only living original director of the New York Central railroad and the only living founder of the Fifth Avenue bank. He has stood a cash run on himself in hard times of $9,000,000 in one day.

A Polish Jew was arrested in San Francisco the other day, and when taken to the city prison his condition was so uncleanly that he was told by the corporal to strip and take a bath. "Vat, go in de vater?" he asked. "Yes, take a bath; you need it. How long is it since you had a bath?" With his hands aligned upward, he answered: ". never vas arrested before."

MADE DEAF BY A SHELL.

It Exploded Over This Private at Santiago, But Did Not Hit Him.

Private Barber, of Holyoke, Mass., a member of company B, Twenty-first United States infantry, has been deafened for his lifetime by the bursting of a shell over his head in the first day's battle before Santiago. He is a young recruit of three months, and was in Ludlow's division in the advance on El Caney. All day long he was at those points where the battle raged the worst, and late in the afternoon he fell under the fierce fire of shell and shrapnel from the Spanish lines. But, strangely enough, when he was brought into the field hospital in the evening not a mark or a scratch of any kind was found upon him. Stranger still, he was unable to understand a single sentence addressed to him by the surgeons. At last it occurred to them to ask their questions in writing. These he answered readily enough.

His speech had not been affected in the least, but he had been so dazed that all his talk was rambling and disconnected. The clearest deduction that the surgeons could get from his story was that "a bomb of some kind," as he expressed it, had burst over his head and he knew no more till he found himself in the field hospital. The morning following the fight he disappeared, and when the litter bearers and wagons lined up to take the wounded to the brigade hospital, six miles to the rear, he was among the missing.

Two or three days after he turned up at Siboney, down by the sea, nearly 20 miles back from the battle line as the bridle paths run. He had been given up for dead, it being the general belief that he had wandered off in the jungle and met his death at the hands of the Spanish sharpshooters. He made no explanation of his absence, and walked about for days like one bereft of reason.

On the 14th he arrived at Fort Monroe, on the Cherokee. A careful test and examination by the surgeons brought them to the conclusion that he is "stone deaf," beyond any possibility of recovery. And so Barber, poor fellow, strolls about the hospital wards unable to listen to the conversation of his comrades or to appreciate the music he loved so well of the regimental band, and, to those who know of his affliction, it is a strange sight to see his hat come off with the thousands of others at the music of the national air, as "retreat" sounds in the twilight of these autumn nights.—Boston Advertiser.

Should Have Improved His Motion.

"Yes, sir," said the talkative veteran, "take the war all through, I was in 19 battles, and most of them were pretty hot fights, for altogether ten balls were shot into me."

"Could you run better after that?" asked an inquisitive listener.

"Run, sir? Run? What do you mean?" demanded the old soldier.

"Nothing; except that ball-bearing machinery usually runs better than machinery which isn't ball-bearing."—Up to Date.

The One Exception.

Maud—Do you believe that all the world loves a lover?

Jack—No; not since I met your father.—Chicago Evening News.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

At the Night School.—"Who built the Suez canal?" "Nobody, sir. Hit wasn't built. Hit was dug."—Chicago Tribune.

"Is he really so jealous?" "Why, he is even jealous of himself since some one told him matrimony had made another man of him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

First Artist—"You'll have to practice the most rigid economy." Second Artist—"Rigid economy? Great Scott! I've been living within my income for a month!"—Truth.

"I wants ter remind dese yere politicianers," said Uncle Eben, "dat de bes' job ob whitewashin' yoh kin get done can't be guaranteed foh mo' dan six months or so."—Washington Star.

"Oh, please, Mr. Thrush," cried the too zealous hostess, addressing the swell tenor, "won't you sing? I just love to have the laughing and talking and singing all going on at the same time!"—Town Topics.

Preparing the Case.—First Lawyer—"Each witness gives a different account of the accident." Second Lawyer—"Yes; if we put them all on the stand the jury may think our client met with three or four accidents."—Puck.

Those Loving Girls.—Helen—"The men are so impudent in this town. Every time I go out for a walk some of them actually try to follow me." Mattie—"Yes, I notice you always wear a veil when you go out."—Chicago Daily News.

LOTS OF LIZARDS AND SNAKES.

Saurians Found in Tasmania—The "Blue-Tongued" Lizard in Combat with a Snake.

We are rich in lizards in Tasmania; they abound everywhere, sunning themselves on the tree trunks, crawling over the stumps, running about the garden and occasionally investigating domestic affairs of the house. They are mostly quick, lively little fellows with brown skins diversified with black, and eyes as bright as diamonds. Then there are the "blood-suckers," ashy gray lizards with irregular black markings upon the back, and covered with spiny projections; most people are rather afraid of them, and they do look very ferocious when annoyed, for they open their mouths with a gape like a crocodile, as if it would give them great pleasure to swallow us whole. The "death adder" is another lizard that grows to a good size, and is very prettily marked; it is much dreaded in the bush for its supposed poisonous properties, and the most dreadful tales are told of its envenomed attacks. Probably the idea has arisen through the snakelike appearance of this saurian as it glides through the herbage, its body being very long and slender and the legs comparatively short.

The largest of all our lizards, however, is the "blue-tongued," a stout, formidable looking fellow clad in a yellow and black suit of plate armor and much given to lying about the bush roads and tracks asleep in the sun, when one can often step over him, even on horseback, without disturbing his slumbers. This heaviness of disposition has earned for our stolid friend another name—the "sleeping lizard"—while from his fondness for taking up residence in the holes of dry stumps he is also known as the "stump lizard." Finally, his nickname among the bush folk as "goanner," a corruption evidently of "iguana," to which family, however, he bears no resemblance, being a non-climber and of a thick, stout build. Now this "blue-tongued" lizard, the Tiliqua nigrolutea of naturalists, deserves good treatment at the hands of the bushman on account of one very interesting peculiarity which it manifests in common with the lord of creation—namely to its great antipathy to snakes. In Tasmania it takes the place of that noted cobra destroyer, the Indian mongoose, and ill-adapted as it would at first appear to encounter such foes, yet it generally comes off the victor.

We spoke just now of the heavy, stolid disposition of our black-and-yellow knight, but let a nice, medium-sized snake heave into sight and all is changed. The sleepiness disappears as if by magic, and every nerve seems on the alert, every sinew toughened to meet the enemy. This latter has evidently "no stomach for fight," and would "straight depart," but his assailant bars the way and forces an encounter. Then quick as lightning the snake makes a dart, but our friend dodges with practiced skill, and "gets in" a bite himself. So they go on, darting and dodging and savagely snapping at each other, the snake getting the worst of it all the time, and soon exhibiting unmistakable signs of being played out. Now is the "goanner's" opportunity; with a quick, dexterous turn he twists the snake over, and gives him a coup de grace "under the chin." Then comes the reward of valor; taking the head between his strong jaws, our blue-tongued hero begins with much relish to munch his fallen foe, and sticking to him with the same persistency as during the fight, soon disposes of the whole scaly length, and having thus "accounted for" another child of the evil one, the victor retires to the shelter of a hollow log to sleep off the repast.—H. Stuart Dove, in Nature Notes.

THE RUSH FOR GOLD.

From the Times, Bluffs, Ill.

The rush of gold seekers to the Klondike brings thrilling memories to the "forty-niners" still alive, of the time when they girdled the continent or faced the terrors of the great American desert on the journey to the land of gold. These pioneers tell some experiences which should be heeded by gold seekers of to-day. Constant exposure and faulty diet killed large numbers, while nearly all the survivors were afflicted with disease, many of them with rheumatism. Such a sufferer was Adam Vangundy, who now resides at Bluffs, Ill., where he has been justice of the peace and was the first president of the board of trustees. In a recent interview he said:

"A Forty-niner."

"I had been a sufferer of rheumatism for a number of years and the pain at times was very intense. I tried all the proprietary medicines I knew of out received no relief.

"I finally placed my case with several physicians and doctored with them for some time, but they failed to do me any good. Finally, with my hopes of relief nearly exhausted I read an article regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which induced me to try them. I was anxious to get rid of the terrible disease and bought two boxes of the pills. I began using them about March, 1897. After I had taken two boxes I was completely cured, and the pain has never returned. I think it is the best medicine I have ever taken, and am willing at any time to sign my name to any testimony setting forth its good merits."

(Signed) ADAM VANGUNDY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1897.

FRANKLIN C. FUNK, Notary Public.

Mr. Vangundy's statement ought to be regarded as a criterion of the good merits of these pills, and what better proof could a person want than the above facts.

Enough.

Author—What excuse have you for abusing my book?

Critic—I read it.—Up to Date.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Some people wear such good clothes all the time that they can't have a good time.—Atchison Globe.

Fortify Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Piko's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The expense of repairing tire punctures should be added to our income tacks.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Sicklen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

There is more money squandered in fool bargains than is spent for whisky.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Some people are so hopeful that it amounts to laziness.—Atchison Globe.

Some people spend money only when they have an audience.—Atchison Globe.

The best cooks are those who can't always pronounce correctly the names of the fancy dishes they cook.—Atchison Globe.

"When your wife was a young girl she used to paint still-life pictures very prettily. Has she improved in her accomplishments since?" "Indeed, she has! She can now cook all the things she used to paint."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Compulsion.—As for the beautiful pariah, she merely sneered. "Wretched neighbors!" she exclaimed. "They shall yet come to me! Look, I have wealth! I shall have a telephone put in my house! Ha, ha!" Oh, what a power have riches to compel social recognition.—Detroit Journal.

Mistress—"I should like to know what business that policeman has in my kitchen every night in the week?" Cook—"Please, mum, I think he's suspicious of me neglectin' me work or somethin'."—Tit-Bits.

Customs Officer—"Anything dutiable?" Mrs. Brown's Husband—"Nothing but me. I'm a dutiable husband, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Habit.—"Col. Bloodyfield's old war traits still cling to him." "How so?" "I dined with him last night, and he gave the waiter no quarter."—N. Y. Journal.

Living Up to His Habit.—"Why are you always borrowing trouble there days, my son?" "Because it's the only thing left that I can borrow without security."—Detroit Free Press.

Generally, when people tell you how somebody asked their advice, it means that they volunteered it.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

We don't care how good a musician a person is, it spoils the effect to have to coax too long for a performance.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

"Debts," said an old philosopher, "are the silent partners of experience."—Atchison Globe.

HERO HAD HIS TROUBLES.

Woman's Care and Kindness Makes Him Think of Cuba with Longing.

"War is pretty bad, of course," remarked a blue-coated man with a bandage under his coat, "but I declare, in some ways, women are as bad as Spaniards—only they kill you with kindness instead of bullets. I came home from Santiago with this little wound in my hip, and, really, I can't tell you how I've suffered since, from the women of my family. It is all right, of course; this world would be a den of wild beasts without the love and sympathy of woman—but the dear creatures—especially those nearest to us—generally overdo it. They didn't believe my message that I was only slightly wounded, so on my arrival I was met by my wife, her mother, two maiden aunts and a girl cousin, all rallied from the four quarters of Michigan and adjoining states to nurse me. I don't need any nursing worth mentioning, but, believe me, if I've drawn a long breath in two weeks without those five women jumping up and rushing at me. I will eat my army blanket. If I wink my wife says: "What is it, dear?—if I move one leg, my girl cousin springs at me with another pillow in her hand; during the night my two aunts wake me up to see if I want anything; and my mother-in-law—well, the dear soul hasn't sat down or been to bed since I came—to my knowledge. My wound is nearly healed, and that's a blessing, for if I don't get back to Cuba pretty soon I'll be a ruined man. I can't stand such coddling—it will make a bloated tyrant out of me, so it will. A man needs war once in awhile to get him away from woman—dear, loving woman—she would make a spineless infant out of him in no time."—Detroit Free Press.

Why He Was Troubled.

Jack—Come, old man, cheer up. What if she did break the engagement; she's not the only fish in the swim.

Tom—Oh, I don't care about her breaking the engagement, but you see I've got to go right on paying installments on the ring for the next six months. That's where the icy breeze comes in.—Chicago Evening News.

Her Platform.

Mr. Willikins—Do you believe in annexation?

Miss Bidsley—Oh, Arthur, this is so sudden. But if you can gain papa's consent I will try to learn to love you.—Chicago Evening News.

Mrs. Short—"Here's an invitation to Mr. Long's wedding. What on earth can we send them?" Mr. Short—"He lost a $10 umbrella of mine a year ago. I'll make him a present of it."—Brooklyn Life.

Sure Cure for Colds

When the children get their feet wet and take cold give them a hot foot bath, a bowl of hot drink, a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and put them to bed. The chances are they will be all right in the morning. Continue the Cherry Pectoral a few days, until all cough has disappeared.

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MRS. PINKHAM'S WARNING TO WOMEN.

Neglect is the Forerunner of Misery and Suffering—A Grateful Husband Writes of His Wife's Recovery.

Nearly all the ill health of women is traceable to some derangement of the feminine organs. These derangements do not cure themselves, and neglect of the sensations resulting from them is only putting off trouble.

Pathetic stories are constantly coming to Mrs. Pinkham of women whose neglect has resulted in serious heart trouble and a whole train of woes.

Here is the story of a woman who was helped by Mrs. Pinkham after other treatment failed:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It affords me very great pleasure to be able to state that I believe my wife owes her health to your medicine and good advice. For three years her health failed rapidly; she had heart trouble, often falling down in dizzy and fainting spells, shortness of breath, choking and smothering spells, bloating of the stomach, a dry cough, dyspeptic symptoms, menses irregular, scanty, and of an unnatural color. She had been treated by physicians with but little benefit. She has taken your treatment according to your directions, and is better in every way. I am well pleased with the result of your treatment, and give you permission to use my letter for the benefit of others.—CHAS. H. and Mrs. MAY BUTCHER, Fort Meyer, Va.

The healing and strengthening power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all female ills is so well established that it needs no argument. For over twenty years it has been used by women with results that are truly wonderful.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are puzzled about their health to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. All such correspondence is seen by women only, and no charge is made.

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Winter now is coming on,
And a cosy place to nap,
Seasoned with a little cash,
Is for some "all-round" a snap.

SPENCER COOPER.

Hazel Green, Ky., Oct. 27.

POLITICAL POT-POURI.

So far as the great majority of American people are concerned the work of the commission was ended before it had begun. The best way it can take now to avoid further occasion for scandal and adverse criticism is to say that it has examined several distinguished witnesses, who agree that there is really nothing to investigate, and adjourn. Congress, when it meets in December, or if not this congress, then the next, which will probably have to be convened in March, may be depended upon to do the rest.—Baltimore Sun.

* * *

It is rather a striking coincidence that just as the blessings of protection and the single gold standard are being preached the loudest by administration orators, seven miners should be shot dead in their tracks and 18 wounded by Pinkerton detectives simply as the result of the fact that coal operators would not pay living wages and sought to displace the strikers with ignorant colored laborers, mostly ex-convicts, from Alabama. —Marion (O.) Mirror.

* * *

The war department under this administration seems to be run for the syndicates rather than the soldiers. For that purpose Alger is certainly the right man to head it. There may be a great big blot upon his record as a soldier, but he has certainly always been loyal to the syndicates, and the popular idea of Hecker is that he is the right man to be at the secretary's elbow.

* * *

The election of a Democratic majority in the next congress would be a great misfortune indeed—to the trusts, to the railroad wreckers, to the land grabbers and to the bankers who are expecting to destroy all greenbacks and other forms of government money and take upon themselves the whole duty of issuing currency for the people.—Zanesville Signal.

* * *

With corn at 18 cents, wool with no market at all and wheat at almost the 50 cent notch, the "prosperous farmers" are not so sure they can meet expenses voting for "sound money and the national honor."—Champaign Times.

* * *

We have tried the road toward the single gold standard for so many years, and on that road nothing but closer times and more frequent panics have awaited us. Are you not ready to return to sound and well tried bimetallism, the double standard of our fathers!—Richmond (Ind.) Sun and Telegram.

* * *

Let the laboring men remember, when they go to the polls November 8, that two years ago the Republicans promised them plenty of work and good wages.—Watseka (Ill.) Democrat.

* * *

If strikes can be said to be a gauge or criterion of prosperity, the state of Illinois is having an indisputable evidence of such prosperity. However, the striking miner at Pana, who worked 19 hours a day for 80 cents, will dispute the arrival of "the advance agent" so far as he is concerned.—Salinas (Cal.) Journal.

* * *

In New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, the big Republican politicians entirely relieve the people from any responsibility in matters of politics. When the people were trusted they made so many blunders that the experiment will never be tried again. There is a vein of anarchy in the people that frightens the bosses.—Columbus Press-Post.

THE following letter is now published for the first time for reasons that will be made apparent from its perusal, and printed now only as a reminder of Gen. Hardin's valient services when our political battles have been the hottest. And apropos, when did Mr. Goebel by word or deed ever do this section a service?

HARRODSBURG, KY., Sept. 29, 1898.

MR. SPENCER COOPER, Hazel Green, Ky.

My Dear Sir: I have been absent some weeks, and on my return received an issue of THE HERALD. Accept my sincere thanks for the kind things said in my behalf.

It is indeed gratifying to feel that the great popular heart of the Democracy is with me, and it is especially so to know that Eastern Kentucky remembers that in the last twenty years I have responded to their call for help oftener than all other public men combined.

As you say, I do not believe Kentucky, the synonim for chivalric independence and fairness, is ready to cringe to the lash of a boss or slavishly obey the dictation of a machine. I have received many letters from men I do not even know, saying that the fight against me is covertly a fight against the cause, and that I owe it to myself and the party to run again. I will announce soon and begin the fight in earnest. This, however, is confidential, as my idea has been to keep in the background and let my friends do the talking until I made my formal announcement. Again I thank you, and will remember you gratefully.

I hope to see and confer with you before the race is ended. Your friend,

P. W. HARDIN.

SHOULD Mr. Goebel succeed in securing the Democratic nomination for governor, THE HERALD, by reason of its fealty to party interests and its faith in the principles of the platform as promulgated at Chicago, will support him for election. But, believing that his candidacy is in the interest of the bosses—the classes against the masses—we shall upon all, and every occasion that offers, oppose his nomination and pin our faith to the flag of Gen. P. Wat. Hardin, the hero of '96. We believe that his election would be in the interest of the poor man and the farmer. Being of the former class and dependent upon the latter for our support any other course for us would seem suicidal. Gen. Hardin formally announced his candidacy in a magnificent speech at Shelbyville, and we this week hoist his name at the head of our columns.

THERE is less enthusiasm about the present election than any one within our recollection. Democrats seem to be relying solely upon the Goebel bill, and the Republicans apparently think that by reason of that same bill they will secure certificates of election and that a Republican house will admit them to seats. Not only is it so in this district but a like state of affairs seems to prevail throughout the state. Democrats of the Tenth district, go to work.

DEMOCRATS, what are you doing in the interest of Mr. Fitzpatrick's election? In less than two weeks the battle of the ballots will be fought, and it behooves you to be up and doing. Every Democrat and every doubtful voter in each precinct should be polled at once, if it has not been done. Time is short and what is to be done must be done quickly.

THIS may be of no significance but it is nevertheless a fact that the Louisville Dispatch published Mr. Goebel's speech announcing his candidacy and failed to treat Gen. Hardin with like courtesy. As the Dispatch is the only metropolitan daily exponent of the principles enunciated at Chicago, this indicates that that paper is published in the interest of the classes. Indeed, we of the country press have long suspected that Mr. Goebel and Mr. Enloe "use the same quill," and that they are trying to bulldoze the rank and file of the party and relegate us rural roosters who dare to crow a bit! How is it, Gussie? Your answer will be taken as Bill's.

Valuable Property For Sale.

Residence in Winchester, 11 rooms, lot 60x210, in best part of town, stable, &c. Magnificent property. Price $5,500. Address or call on T. M. Morrow, Winchester or Jackson.

A Texas ranchman sold his "calf crop" last week for $85,000. Cattle are very high in the West, and stock men say high prices will prevail for a great while. The stock yards at Kansas City handle about 15,000 head daily the year round.

FOR WATCHES

And Watch Repairing

GO TO

FRED J. HEINTZ,

135 E. Main,

LEXINGTON, KY.

Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, $200,000.00.
Surplus, $60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,1y

J. TAYLOR DAY,

Wholesale and Retail dealer in

General Merchandise, Lumber,

Real Estate, &c.

Also, President Hazel Green Fair and Driving Park Association and the Farmers' Exchange.

R. H. BRYAN,

SALESMAN FOR

Pearson & Clark,

WHOLESALE + GROCERS,

LEXINGTON, KY.

IF YOU GO TO LEXINGTON this week, next week, or any other week, ASK FOR

$4.00
$5.00
$7.50
$10.00

CUT-PRICE SUITS,

They are Great Values and Beauties!

AT

Louis & Gus Straus',

LEADING CLOTHIERS,

LEXINGTON, KY.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

THE GREAT NATIONAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER

And your favorite home paper.

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD,

Both One Year for Only $1.00.

THE N. Y. WEEKLY TRIBUNE has an Agricultural Department of the highest merit, all important news of the Nation and World, comprehensive and reliable market reports, able editorials, interesting short stories, scientific and mechanical information, illustrated fashion articles, humorous pictures, and is instructive and entertaining to every member of every family.

THE HERALD gives you all the local news, political and social, keeps you in close touch with your neighbors and friends, on the farm and in the village, informs you as to local prices for farm products, the condition of crops and prospects for the year, and is a bright, newsy, welcome and indispensable weekly visitor at your home and fireside.

☞Send all orders to THE HERALD.

State College of Kentucky,

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Offers instruction in Agriculture, Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, three lines of Scientific Study, viz: Mathematical, Biological and Chemical, Classics and Pedagogy, each of which leads to a degree.
Twenty-eight Professors and assistants. Laboratories and museums large and well equipped. County appointees receive free tuition, matriculation, fuel and lights and room rent. Traveling expenses also given to appointees who remain the full collegiate year.
Board in dormitories $2.25 per week, in private families $2.50 to $3. Board, uniform, books and washing need not exceed $120.00 per year.
Fall Term Begins second Thursday in September.
Preliminary Examinations first Monday in September.
For catalogues and other information apply to

JAMES K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., LL. D., President.

DAY AND SWANGO SPRINGS.

J. TAYLOR DAY, PROPRIETOR.

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

Don't get possession of Swango Springs until December 21st, 1898, but will buy and keep some on tap free for all guests of L PARK HOTEL, TORRENT, KY.

RHEUMATISM

Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The surest and the best. Sample sent free on mention of this publication. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., South Bend, Indiana.

Biliousness

is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills

insomina, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE HERALD.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

Miss Lillie Evans left Tuesday morning for Torrent.

Dr. S. B. Kash and wife are visiting in Mt. Sterling.

A Mr. Tevolt was registered at the Day House Tuesday night.

Curt Quicksall made a flying visit to the old folks at home Sunday.

Mrs. Ellen Swango visited her father and mother, near Ezel, Sunday.

John Evans returned Monday from a trip to Louisville and Cincinnati.

Born, Oct. 26, to the wife of Newton Maloney, a boy—Admiral Sampson Kash.

F. O. Amos, the dry goods drummer, was a guest of the Day House Tuesday night.

Edgar Jones, our handsome deputy postmaster, visited his father and mother Sunday.

Chestnuts have been selling here at 5 cents a quart, and the supply is fully up to the demand.

Wanted—One bushel of white navy beans in payment of one year's subscription to THE HERALD.

Frank Duke will please accept our thanks for a royal dish of delicacies, and be assured of their enjoyment.

Our correspondents are again reminded that we can not publish tributes of respect or obituaries without pay.

The school report from Salem reached us too late for publication this week. But it will appear in next week's paper.

Any person desiring to buy some first-household and kitchen furniture can get a bargain by application to this office.

John Stoffel, the expert miller who was here several weeks repairing the Hazel Green roller mills, left Sunday for Cincinnati.

Judge Lilly, who came here with his wife and daughter a few weeks since with the view of locating, left Tuesday morning for Torrent.

THINK about your health. Do not allow scrofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and keep yourself **WELL.**

Willie Pieratt returned from Torrent Monday. He has accepted an agency with F. A. Lyon, Jr., and will write fire policies for people in this vicinity.

Mrs. Henry L. Godsey, who has been visiting Mrs. W. H. Harris for several weeks, will leave Sunday for her home in Washington City.—Danville Advocate.

Taylor Johnson on Friday last sold to J. B. Hollon a pair of red bull calves, four months old, for $42.50 cash, and Monk thinks they are best in Wolfe county.

Old fashions in dress may be revived but no old-fashioned medicine can replace Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

John D. Rose, Jr., who shot and killed Thompson Phipps on Sunday, Oct. 16th, was arraigned for trial on Thursday last, when he waived examination and was admitted to bail in the sum of $3,000.

Dr. Lockhart, the dentist, has been here since Monday, and done some work for several of our citizens. Come in today or tomorrow if you wish to consut him, as his stay is limited to Saturday. You will find him a first-class dentist, and his charges quite reasonable.

Blood and Nerves are very closely related. Keep the blood rich, pure and healthy, with Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will have no nervousness.

Hood's Pills are best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, prevent constipation

SKIPPED AWAY.

Show me the man who owns the heart
To feel another's woe,
Or shed a sympathizing tear
For a brother here below;

To help him climb the hill of life,
Though heavy be the load,
To kindly lead him from the rough,
Into a smoother road;

And let compassion enter in
His heart without a mar,
Until he sees the brightest beams
Of sympathy's purest star.

'Twas in a book I read of one,
The only one below,
Who to a brother or a friend
Compassion e'er did show.

The fleeting years have come and gone,
And changeful is the scene,
For on one stormy night he skipped
Away from Hazel Green.

—SAM WILSON.

Hazel Green, Ky.

Three Doctors in Consultation.

From Benjamin Franklin.

"When you are sick, what you like best is to be chosen for a medicine in the first place; what experience tells you is best, to be chosen in the second place; what reason (i. e., Theory) says is best to be chosen in the last place. But if you can get Dr. Inclination, Dr. Experience and Dr. Reason to hold a consultation together, they will give you the best advice that can be taken."

When you have a bad cold Dr. Inclination would recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is pleasant and safe to take. Dr. Experience would recommend it because it never fails to effect a speedy and permanent cure. Dr. Reason would recommend it because it is prepared on scientific principles, and acts on nature's plan in relieving the lungs, opening the secretions and restoring the system to a natural and healthy condition. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

Sweet Potatos at 25 Cents a Barrel.

A visitor to Accomac this week from Baltimore says he is paying from 30 to 40 cents a peck for every sweet potato used by him. Selling as they are at home for 25 cents a barrel, this looks as if some one is getting a nice profit out of them, and does not look like the supply is greater than the demand. The low price at which the farmer is selling his crop is due surely to bad management somewhere.—Accomac (Va.) Enterprise.

The above is reproduced from the paper published at our old home, and where they raise hundreds of acres of sweet potatoes, but we doubt if they grow any as large as those produced by either Jeff Rose or Oscar Cecil, of this vicinity, both of whom claim the championship. The latter gentleman last week presented us with two that weighed 12 pounds, and at the wind up of the fair Mr. Rose presented us with three of the eight which were awarded the premium, though not quite so large. Mr. Cecil, however, had none on exhibition. They sell here at 50 cents a bushel.

How to Prevent Croup.

We have two children who are subject to attacks of croup. Whenever an attack is coming on my wife gives them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it always prevents the attack. It is a household necessity in this county and no matter what else we run out of, it would not do to be without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. More of it is sold here than all other cough medicines combined. J. M. NICKLE, of Nickle Bros., merchants, Nickleville, Pa. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

The Best Fruit Trees to Buy.

Our farmer friends who desire to plant orchards should secure the best varieties, and to do this it is necessary to deal with a reliable nurseryman. Such a man is H. F. Hillenmeyer, Lexington, Ky., who will not only furnish you the best but do so at a reasonable price, as he has no agents' commissions to pay. In this connection we note that a gentleman in the southern part of the state a short time since dug up an orchard of several acres because the trees, which he had bought of some Northern nursery, proved at bearing time to be worthless and not as represented. When you buy of Hillenmeyer you avoid all such trouble. Write him for catalogue.

Coughed 25 Years.

I suffered for 25 years with a cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. This remedy makes weak lungs strong. It has saved my life.—J. B. Rossell, Grantsburg, Ill.

Send to the Power Laundry.

Send your laundry to the Winchester Power Laundry, the best in the state. D. B. Litteral is agent at Hazel Green, and will call for and deliver goods in town. He will also forward all packages sent in from the country. 27-tf.

Bring your printing to this office when you want the best at the lowest price.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Quarterly Meeting.

The quarterly meeting of the Hazel Green charge of the M. E. church, south, will be held here on Saturday and Sunday next, Oct. 29th and 30th. Presiding Elder W. B. Ragan will preach at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. on both days.

Lung Irritation

is the forerunner to consumption. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey will cure it, and give such strength to the lungs that a cough or a cold will not settle there. 25 cents at all good druggists.

Send 'Em In Earlier.

A political communication in the interest of Hon. Thos. Y. Fitzpatrick, received Monday evening when more than half this issue was in type, is crowded out. Anything but county correspondence, local news, etc., intended for publication should reach us not later than Saturday before issue.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

Cures a Prominent Attorney.

MR. R. C. PHELPS, the leading pension attorney of Belfast, N. Y., writes: "I was discharged from the army on account of ill health, and suffered from heart trouble ever since. I frequently had fainting and smothering spells. My form was bent as a man of 80. I constantly wore an overcoat, even in summer, for fear of taking cold. I could not attend to my business. My rest was broken by severe pains about the heart and left shoulder. Three years ago I commenced using Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, notwithstanding I had used so much patent medicine and taken drugs from doctors for years without being helped. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure restored me to health. It is truly a wonderful medicine and it affords me much pleasure to recommend this remedy to everyone."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address,

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Restores Health

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

FRUITS. FLOWERS. SHADE.

The Blue-Grass Nurseries!

FALL 1898.

Everything for Orchard,
Lawn and Garden.
Fruits and Ornamental Trees,
Shrubs, Vines, Small Fruits,
Rhubard, Aspargus, and all stock grown in Nurseries.
Prices reasonable, as we employ no agents.
Descriptive Catalogue on application.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Office at residence, and calls answered at all hours. Obstetrics a specialty.

ROLLIN A. KASH,
ATTORNEY-at-LAW,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties, and attend promptly to all collections entrusted to him.

TRAINING AND FEED STABLES

I have opened my Training and Feed Stable, and will keep on hand plenty of feed and a full supply of vehicles and traps. Parties coming from a distance, who may desire horses pastured for a few days or weeks can have the best pasture at reasonable rates.

LIVERY STABLES.

Also, for the convenience and accommodation of guests of the Day House, at Hazel Green, and L Park Hotel at Torrent, I have opened nearby two first-class livery stables, where I will keep buggies, saddle horses and hacks for hire at all times. Persons wishing a vehicle to meet them at McCausey can telephone me and have any desired vehicle or saddle horse promptly.

I will also have a full supply of hacks for hire to drummers, which will be in charge of careful drivers, and for which they can contract by the day for any length of time.

Persons intending to visit Day and Swango Springs will be met at either McCausey or Torrent with team and driver, and I will have pleasure in shipping water for them whenever desired:

Day and Swango water, fresh and free, on ice and tap for guests at L Park Hotel.

J. TAYLOR DAY.

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

RESTORED MANHOOD DR. MOTT'S NERVERINE PILLS

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

They banish pain and prolong life.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

R·I·P·A·N·S

No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—for five cents. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the frequent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made since the world was created.

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,
MT. STERLING, KY.
CAPITAL, $200,000. | SURPLUS, $30,000
J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.
G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.
W. W. THOMSON, Cashier.
We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay you checks, and loan you money when in need.
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Surgery and obstetrics a specialty.

Post No Bills on this wall.

MRS. S. B. KASH,
Fashionable Milliner,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

O. H. HARRISON,
Attorney-at-Law,
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY AND RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.
451 W. JEFFERSON STREET,
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Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

HERALD JOB PRINTING IS THE BEST, and the cheapest

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY

MY GRANDMOTHER'S WHEEL.

It stands in the attic, 'mid rubbish and rust,
Its glory has faded, as all glory must;
But once in its heyday, 'twas stationed with pride
In the coziest spot of the ingle-nook wide.
And from dawn's early blush till the supper bell's peal
Might be heard the soft hum of my grandmother's wheel.

With many a twist and with many a twirl
My grandmother spun on that wheel as a girl;
She was but a maid, in that far-away time
(Now a stately old dame, in the pride of her prime),
And many a love dream was wound on her reel,
As well as the skeins spun by grandmother's wheel.

While thus she was spinning one sunshiny day
My grandfather chanced to be passing that way.
He spied her at work, in her 'kerchief so smart,
And she spun through his fancy right into his heart!
He was gallant and young, and he wooed her with zeal,
And won the fair hand turning grandmother's wheel!

Ah! many, thereafter, the soft fleecy rolls
She spun from the fluff of the cotton's white bolls!
And many the skeins that were hung in a row,
To be woven in cloth for the bridal trousseau!
And many a love dream was wound on the reel,
While Cupid sat perched on my grandmother's wheel!

—Helen Whitney Clark, in Good Housekeeping.

TWO DREAMERS.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

—Copyright, 1898.

ARTHUR M'HENRY did not know that he was poor until his wife told him so. He had frequently seen himself in print as "one of our successful literary men," and he had always believed that it was true. But Mrs. McHenry proved the contrary.

It must not be supposed that she made the statement in the simple and direct language that is here employed. To the best of McHenry's recollection, the first thing she said on the subject was that their neighbor, Mrs. Winston, had taken 15 hats to the seashore, and that one of them cost as much as $75.

The young author replied with that fine insight so characteristic of him, that if Mrs. Winston carried more inside her head and less on top of it, she would afford greater pleasure to the judicious observer.

"That $75 hat was a dream," replied Mrs. McHenry.

A few days later they went down to Manhattan beach for dinner; and in the course of the meal McHenry observed that his wife had passed into an hypnotic trance. Upon following the direction of her fixed and glittering eye, he was led to observe a woman who seemed to have just robbed a jewelry store, and to be escaping with the proceeds of her crime.

"Arthur," whispered Mrs. McHenry, in a hushed and reverent voice, "did you ever see such lovely diamonds?"

"I never before saw so many on one woman," he replied cheerfully; "dreadful, isn't it?"

But the lady did not reply. Her lips were pressed together so hard that they were white, and her fingers were clinched. Arthur noticed that the ring he had given her to mark their engagement was turned so that the poor little one carat stone was concealed within the closed hand.

"I don't see how you can envy such a paw as that," said he, "even though it is loaded with distressing gewgaws. But I suppose you would exchange with her; if the diamonds were thrown in."

Mrs. McHenry opened and closed her hands nervously.

"I could wear rings," she said; "my fingers are made for them."

The able author risked no reply, being aware that all topics of conversation would be one in the present circumstances, even as all roads lead to Rome. The subject was worse than uninteresting to him and he did his best to keep away from it, for the remainder of the evening—which was the least enjoyable that they had ever spent together.

On the following day, at dinner, McHenry learned many strange and startling facts about diamonds. His wife had spent the afternoon in the jewelers' stores around Union Square, and she knew just what all the glittering baubles ever dug out of the soil were worth.

It seemed to McHenry that the subject must be exhausted, but on the contrary there was just as much of it next morning at breakfast. Arthur had the natural desire of a dutiful husband to make himself agreeable; and, finding that there was only one possible theme of conversation, he took it up as best he might, relating some stories of the splendid follies of Lucullus, that he had found in a recent historical monograph.

Rarely had he gained so close attention, and he was naturally flattered; pleased, besides, to gratify the ear of one he loved. So he talked on and on, and at last his fancy caught up the thread of a possible romance, the story of a modern Lucullus who should astound New York with his magnificence.

The idea took strong hold of him, and he gave considerable time to it that day, outlining the plot of the story and arranging the balance of characters. Before the end of the week, he had written the introductory chapter and he read it to his wife though he had never before been guilty of such an act. He had occasionally told her the plots of stories that he intended to write, and always with the most distressing results to himself. Rarely indeed was a tale so told ever put down on paper. But in this instance Anne was enthusiastic.

"That will be a great story," she said. "It's different from your others; it's interesting."

Arthur viewed both praise and slur with cynical indifference. He had already grown cold to his new story and would have laid it aside forever. In his soul he knew it to be "cheap" in theme and plot, a yarn for the vulgar. He would never have written another word of it if he had not seen in it a means of revenging himself upon his wife for her now ceaseless talk of wealth and luxury.

It is difficult for the most contented of mankind to converse eternally of things he cannot have without beginning to desire some of them. One is no longer able to fall back upon the old maxims or verses about peasants that are happier with black bread and toil than kings with banquets and no work but the digesting of them. If one is honest he must admit that a steam yacht is a good thing, but what is the use of talking about it all the time?

When such subjects became unbearable Arthur would rush to his den and with a heart full of bitterness dash off a few chapters of "The Modern Lucullus" that would reek with the most monstrous extravagances. He laid his characters through a fairy land that was strictly up to date. In the glory of golden light multi-millionaires and "multi-millionairesses" reveled in bliss, while—for the sake of the contrast—poor but honest creatures were depicted in outer darkness, gnashing their teeth.

In his better moments Arthur realized that he was doing a base and foolish thing, and that he was trifling with a real peril. He knew well enough what this love of luxury is. It is an impalpable drug for which one may conceive a passion. His happiness and hers were staked upon a cure, and he should have known as well as any man what to do.

But a doctor is of small professional value in his own family. His sympathies are too deeply engaged. In the same way, a student of character who has been accustomed to influence his associates easily by his superior knowledge of motive will fail with the very being whom of all in the world he is most anxious to sway—the woman he loves.

It would not seem possible, for instance, that a man who knew the subject as McHenry did could resort to the expedient of gifts as a means of restoring his wife to her normal condition. Yet that was what he did. He indulged in extravagances to cure her of extravagant visions.

One day he received a check for a story that he had sold for a good price. It would have made a comfortable addition to his bank account, and he was actually on the way to deposit it when he suddenly turned aside into a jeweler's shop and bought a handsome present of diamonds for his wife.

Her pleasure in the gift was so great that he was intoxicated by the sweetness of it, and forgot that he had been a fool. The jewels demanded a dress, and the dress demanded a chance to be seen—which meant a box at the theater and a small supper afterward. Two cultivated people can behave just like millionaires for one evening without squandering a great deal of money, but the trouble is that they will wish to do it again the next evening; and by and by the man will find himself spending two dollars for his luncheon, whereas he used to get along on a piece of pie with a glass of milk, and the woman will actually buy things when she goes shopping. That sort of thing needs an income.

In the matter of swell clothes, also, you will find that one gorgeous evening toilet requires another, for otherwise the wearer will become known as "the woman with the pink silk," and that is worse than death. Arthur McHenry learned this fact in natural history very soon and then he learned a fact in arithmetic to match it; namely, that you can't subtract 800 from 660 and leave a balance in the bank.

About that time, however, a little good luck helped Arthur out, and he thought that affairs were always going to run that way. So he bought a few more diamonds for Anne; but they didn't produce quite the usual effect—they were not large enough.

He avenged himself with "The Modern Lucullus." As his imagination began to tire, he visited the libraries, and studied the records of the magnificent liberality with which princes have spent the money wrung from peasants, and spendthrifts have scattered to the four winds the accumulations of the prudent. There is a considerable literature on the subject, and Arthur was surprised to find it extremely fascinating. The literary "atmosphere" which he had sought was easy to get and it clung to him in his daily life, making extravagances pleasant and follies the signs of an elevated nature.

Presently, however, this sort of thing brought him up with a round turn. Between the first and the fifteenth of a certain month he saw more bills than he had ever seen before, and had less sleep. Then, indeed, he knew which way he was drifting.

Many years ago there was a man who bit an apple that he should have shunned, and meanly cast the blame upon another. There was enough of the old Adam in Arthur to make him repeat the words that were spoken in the garden: "This woman that thou gavest me—"

So he read a few more chapters of "The Modern Lucullus" to Anne, and was basely pleased to note that they tormented her soul. She talked in her sleep about a banquet which he had described, where the illumination came from tiny incandescent lamps, each one inserted into the heart of a diamond.

Arthur began to take a foolish pride in the effect which this story produced upon the most "difficult" critic that he had ever encountered. He devoted more time to it; he turned away from other work that would have brought him money, and put his best energy into this monstrous concoction. He had to stifle his judgment and chloroform his conscience in order to write such stuff, but he did it; and with such persistency that at last the day came when he had not a penny in the bank nor a story in any publisher's hands. Even his small royalties were drawn upon in advance; and he had borrowed from every man who would lend him a dollar.

And on the evening of the day when the realization of this situation came to him, Anne announced that Mrs. Winston had bought a sealskin coat for $560. The retort this time did not take the form of fiction; instead it was hard fact. Arthur told his wife, with a frankness that spared no detail, just exactly what kind of a hole they were in. They had a weird and terrible evening; and the next morning was worse, for Arthur was unable to lift his head from his pillow, and had the general appearance of a man who is going to be laid up a long time. And between them they hadn't ready money enough to pay the grocer's bill for a week.

The doctor who attended Arthur was of the opinion that the active and earnest malaria germ was at the root of the trouble, but Anne laid it to worry, and she had one of those experiences with her conscience which are the salvation of many a woman.

When the young author recovered, about a month later, he learned that his wife had pawned most of her diamonds to pay his debts, and the current expenses of the house. This thought filled him with despair, for he had an especial horror of the pawnshop; besides he knew how Anne had valued these trinkets—and she had been very good to him while he had been ill.

He made the most desperate resolutions regarding work, but unfortunately he had nothing to start with except "The Modern Lucullus." This he knew to be dreadful stuff, and he felt like wearing a mask when he took it to a publisher; but necessity permits no scruples.

The rest of the story is a matter of notoriety. Everybody knows what "The Modern Lucullus" did. It sold, and sold, and sold. It is selling yet. People are reading it in Australia, and Borneo, and places that are not down on an ordinary map. In America it was taken as the wildest dream of the century; in England as a work of realism written by one of the wealthiest men and faithfully depicting scenes of our metropolitan life. Arthur could probably borrow money from almost anybody over there, on the mere presentation of his card. But he doesn't need to borrow. He can sell any old thing now for a fat price, and the cost of a few diamonds wouldn't matter much to him to-day.

Does Mrs. McHenry wear many diamonds? Not she. The lady will run away if the subject is mentioned. She had one great scare, and it cured her effectually. Her folly made them rich, by a strange freak of fortune, but it will never make them poor again.

If any person can get a moral out of this story he is welcome to do so. It seems to teach that extravagance is a good thing; but that isn't what the author intended.

"Got 'Em Again."

The clergyman of a parish in the west of England was noted for his pomposity and fondness for the cup that inebriates. On one occasion, meeting two schoolboys who were passing without the expected salute, he stopped them and inquired if they knew who he was. "Yes" replied one of the boys, "you are the vicar." Then, turning to his companion, the boy exclaimed: "He's got 'em again, and don't know who he are!"—Spare Moments.

Chess Taught in Schools.

The game of chess is taught in all the Austrian schools.

HOSTILITIES AVERTED.

But It Took the United Efforts of the Whole Crowd to Prevent a Hot Engagement.

"One of the liveliest brushes I have witnessed since the opening of hostilities," said one of the representatives at the recent meeting of the credit men, "took place in a quiet New England village of my state. Both participants had passed their three score years and ten, but were still vigorous in mind and body, and especially vigoruos in language, for both had been followers of the sea.

"One of these old fellows espoused the cause of Spain, declaring that she had been jumped on because she was little, and that this country was playing the part of a great big bully. After they had exchanged hot shots for a few minutes, the champion of the government got things to going his way by shouting that the other fellow came honestly by his principles and was bred a traitor.

"'What do you mean, you old shrimp?' from the advocate of Spain.

"'During the war with Great Britain the British entered the harbor and burned the town of New London, didn't they?'

"'Course they did. What of it?'

"'Why, somebody piloted them there and when he come home his pockets was full of British gold, paid for his dirty work, and his neighbors, hearin' of what he had done, got ropes and made him an evenin' call. He scudded by the back door and never stopped till he got to Bermuda, and he never had the cheek to come back.'

"'What you tryin' to git at?'

"'That there pilot was your grandpap.' And it took a dozen bystanders to keep the two old sea dogs from clinching."—Detroit Free Press.

True Greatness.

"Now," said the interviewer, "as to your method of working?"

"Well," replied the great author, "I take a writing pad—"

"Yes."

"And a pencil—"

"Yes."

"Seek out a quiet spot—grasp the pad firmly in one hand and the pencil in the other hand—and—"

"Yes. And—"

"And write."—Philadelphia North American.

The War Is Over

And now our thoughts are all of peace and home. There are, too often, people to be found who have no home, and it is to them these few words are addressed. If you really want a home you can easily get one, but you should act at once before the relapse from the war puts prices on the advance. In Marinette County, Wisconsin, the very finest farming land is to be had now at a most modest figure. Excellent home markets are at hand to take whatever the farmer raises, and good prices are given. These lands are on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and full information concerning them will cheerfully be furnished by C. E. Rollins, Immigration Agent, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

Illusions.

"My illusions," said she, "are all gone."

"Why," he asked, with that brutality only manifested by a man who has promised to love and cherish, "don't you go to the drug store and get some more?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Blue Blood.

First Mosquito—And you actually landed on that foreign nobleman?

Second Mosquito—Cert! You didn't imagine I'd been eating huckleberry pie, did you?—Boston Journal.

It's a wise man that follows the races—at a safe distance.—Chicago Daily News.

Improvements in Flying Machines.

Inventors are plenty who can make a machine that will rise and float in air, but the one improvement which none has succeeded in making is an apparatus that will guide the machine through the many treacherous currents of air. In this respect humanity is fortunate in having Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which acts as a safe guide by curing treacherous stomach, liver and blood diseases, giving a good appetite, a strong constitution and nerves like steel.

Shall we call the "stoop" of the scorcher a front stoop or a back stoop?—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Do You Like Boils

If you do not, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it will purify your blood, cure your boils and keep your system free from the poisons which cause them. The great blood purifying power of Hood's Sarsaparilla is constantly being demonstrated by its many marvelous cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c.

A perfect type of the highest order of excellence.

TRADE-MARK.

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Delicious--Nutritious.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.

Be sure you get the genuine article made at Dorchester, Mass., by

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

To the Rescue.

If **BattleAx PLUG** was in danger there would be an army of men (who chew it) ready to rescue it:—large enough to shovel Spain off the map of Europe. No other chewing tobacco in the world has ever had so many friends.

Remember the name when you buy again.

A GENERAL CLEAN-UP.

It makes me kind o' sad to think this world will wander on
In jest about the same old way when I am dead and gone.
'Twill travel, so I calculate, on 'bout the same old jog,
Ner wabble in its circumflex, ner never slip a cog.

I'd like to think o' somepin' that would make me jest that great
That when I come to shuffle off, the world would have to wait.
Ner never do a thing but weep and wail and fret and stew,
Because I couldn't be around to tell it what to do.

Why, hang it all! it seems to me that when I come to go
'Twould be a joy to jest break up the hull big bloomin' show,
And see the world, from end to end, plumb shivered all to smash,
And all the stars come tumblin' down in one tremendous crash.

I don't want folks a-nosin' round the humble little slab
That marks my grave a-shootin' off their everlastin' gab,
And makin' faces at me through the cemetery fence,
A-sayin': "That's old Blinks' grave—he owes me fifty cents."

No, sir! I'd rather have the world filled plumb up to the vest
'Th nitroglycerin enough to blow it galley west,
And when old Death comes sneakin' round to have his final spat
I'd like to touch the hull thing off and let it go at that.

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

Roderick and the Janitor

"WHAT we will do mit dis boy I don't know,'" said August, the assistant janitor, to his chief. "He have saw off my mopstick to play dree-yer-olt cat, und I haf my steps to mop dis morning."

He was holding a squirming, bullet-headed boy of about six years of age, tucked under one arm, and his mutilated mop in the disengaged hand as the janitor came into the basement. In spite of his tone, he wore his usual amiable smile.

"I guess I will wear dis stick out wid him," he continued, seating himself on a nail keg and arranging the boy across his knee in a position convenient for punishment. "Last week he pulled all der feathers out of my feather duster and cut oop my sink cane for arrows und bows. I will paddle him goot und hardt."

"Look out, Gus," cried the urchin. "You're rumpling up my waist with your dirty hands and ma said I was to keep it clean for an hour. Lemme down or I'll kick you in your old face. Lemme down, I say."

August twirled him around and then set him down between his knees, which the boy pushed and pounded energetically in his efforts to escape. "Make him let me go, Mr. Connolly," he said to the janitor.

The janitor made no answer to the appeal, but regarded him with a look of great sternness, before which the mischievous black eyes at last fell, abashed.

"I didn't know he wanted his mopstick so long," said the boy, half-apologetically, half-defiantly. "He didn't tell me not to saw it off. Pa'll buy him another, anyway."

"Do you think your poor pa hasn't anything else to do with his hard-collected money than to buy mopsticks for you to saw up?" inquired the janitor severely. "Jamesey, you're the worst boy in the buildin'."

"My name isn't Jamesey—it's Roderick," corrected the boy. "Lemme go, Dutch."

"You hold on to him, August," said the janitor. "It's nayther here nor there what your name is, boy. I was thinkin' of another boy they called Jamesey—th' one I t'rowed into th' furnace. He lived—let me see—he lived in number 87; yis, that was the number, 87. He was th' very spit an' moral of you, Roderick—th' worst ever, exceptin' you. Look at your waist, now; you've been climbin' up that rain-water pipe again. What do you suppose your mother will have to say to that?"

"She don't care," said the boy. "Why did you throw him into the furnace? Did it kill him?"

"I t'rew him in," said the janitor, impressively, "because he was all the time plaguin' some one. He done much about the same as you do—unscrewed the knobs off the registers, slid down the banisters, rang the bells of the other people in th' buildin', left his marbles in the vestibule, climbed up the rain-water pipe an' was all the time raisin' Ned. I tell you he was dead tough, was that boy Jamesey. I mind one time he swum his boat in th' bath an' left th' water runnin', just like you done, an' th' people down below had to have a new ceilin'."

"What was his other name?" asked the little boy.

"His other name?" repeated the janitor, with a wink at August. "His other name was—was Reagan. That was it, Jamesey Reagan—a little repprybate. No worse than you are, though. Well, one day this boy Jamesey comes into the basement where I was a-workin', an' takes my gimlet an' bores holes all through August's locker, an' then he takes my blue chalk an' goes upstairs chalkin' blue lines on th' wall all th' way up."

The little boy looked guilty.

"I found it out," resumed the janitor, after a prolonged stare of much seriousness, "an' when I was in the basement that afternoon makin' up the fires an' Jamesey came down I just grabbed him an' opened the furnace door—"

"My grandma told me about three men being thrown into a furnace," interrupted Roderick. "An old king threw them in, an' the furnace was all fiery, too, but it didn't hurt them, an' their clo'es wasn't even singed."

"That may all be," remarked the janitor, "but you don't want to bank on that an' spread molasses on my sandpaper to ketch flies with like you done yesterday. You can bet Jamesey's clo'es was singed. Yes, I t'rowed him in an' I shut the door, an' that was the last of him."

"What did his mamma say?" asked the boy, a little anxiously.

"Well, I was goin' to tell you that. About supper time Mrs.—Mrs. Reagan comes down, an' she says: 'Have you seen that noaccount boy of mine, Mr. Connolly?' An' I says: 'Yes'm; he chaiked up the walls with my chalk an' I t'rowed him in the furnace. I guess he's about burnt up by this time.' An' she says, says she: 'You done quite right, Mr. Connolly—thank you, Mr. Connolly.'"

The janitor paused and looked at the little boy steadfastly, his hands resting on his knees. The boy looked back searchingly at him, and at last smiled broadly and incredulously.

"I don't b'lieve it," he said, with an air of decision. "You wouldn't hurt anybody. My ma said you was too easy with the children, an' she wouldn't have said that if you burnt them up. I think you jes' made up that story. Lemme go, August; I want to play three-old-cat with Willie."

As he broke away the janitor caught him and held him for a moment. "Now, look here," he said, "if you get up to any more mischief down here I'll speak to Officer Noonan about you. I'm not joshin' you now."

This time the boy looked impressed and went out of the basement with his head hanging; but he recovered in time to whoop at the janitor's cat as he passed her on the stairs, and August, peering through the smoky window a few moments later saw him with a mite of his own age throwing coal at a banana vender from the vantage ground of the courtyard.

"You can't bluff that kid," remarked the janitor. "All the same, his dad will have to put up for a new mop for August. He does it pretty easy, though, as a general thing. He's all the kid they've got, an' they was about 12 years waitin' for him. I reckon if he set fire to the buildin' he'd say: 'Oh, well, we was all young wanst,' an' then would ask if we had estimated the loss so he could draw his check.

"There was a time when they didn't allow no children here, an' the place was as well ordered as a millionaire's family vault; but, quiet as it was, it kep' th' agent hustlin' to get tenants. They was all right what he got, but there wasn't enough of them, an' there was half a dozen soots empty as a dago's dinner bucket half-afternoon most of th' time. It used to break the agent's heart when some swell guy would say: 'Well, I like the apartments an' I guess I'll take them. Here's my gilt-edge references. Make out my lease an' here's my check. I presume you've no objection to children.' It kep' gettin' worse an' worse, until at last the agent took a trip to New Hampshire, where the owners live, an' when he come back he let down the bars."

"Well, yes, on the whole, I like it better. Of course, it isn't as quiet as it was before, but then it's not as monotonous. You can expect something about all the time, an' it's generally a surprise. As a usual thing I keep them out of the basement, but they break in once in awhile—this feller's about the worst of them for that.

"I've felt sometimes like pickin' him up an' beatin' th' dust out of his little breeches for him. I've got a sort of an idea that it would do him good; but I've been kind of easy with him for the last few weeks. He got to makin' trips up an' down the little parcel elevator, pullin' himself up by the rope an' knockin' at the panels on the different floors as he passed. He nearly scared two girls to death one evenin'. I caught him finally an' gave him a song an' dance about skinnin' him an' b'ilin' him in oil, an' I thought he'd quit it, but it wasn't a week after when I went to send a basket of peaches up to 80, I found the elevator gone.

"I was just goin' to whistle up, when I heard a scream that made my blood run cold, an' the elevator come whizzin' down the shaft an' smashed all to smithereens at the foot. I knew what had happened in a flash, an' I felt sick to my stomach. I would have given $100 to have been anywhere else but where I was; but, seein' I was there, I stepped up an' made a grab at somethin' that showed white through th' dust. It was th' kid all right, an' he wasn't as limp as I expected. In a minute he had got breath enough to howl, an' it seemed to me that I never heard a pleasanter sound in my life. That brought his mother down, an' when she seen what had happened she dropped in a dead faint. Then the old man come an' half a dozen other people who had heard the yell an' the smash, an' we had a circus down there for ten minutes.

"Well, his hands was burnt by the rope a little where it had slipped through his fingers, but you might say there wasn't a scratch on him. When it was all over I went out an' bought myself a drink an' I let the kid loaf with me at the bench all next mornin'. I had a little paintin' to do in the afternoon, an' he upset a lot of the paint over himself, and then went drippin' upstairs without consultin' me about it. August put in four hours on the carpet afterward."

As the janitor spoke a leather-bound ball crashed through the window, scattering glass all over the workbench, and a pair of small panic-stricken legs twinkled in hot haste for the courtyard gate.

"It's what I looked for," said the janitor, philosophically.—Chicago Daily Record.

NEVER SAW A NEGRO BEFORE.

A Commercial Traveler's Story of His Experience with Some Queer Tennessee People.

Several years ago I went up in the mountains to the town of G——, which was at that time 60 miles from the railroad. There were two good merchants doing an immense business there, and I could not afford to miss their trade, if they did use "ginsang" as legal tender.

There was then no colored man or woman living in that county, and many of the people had never seen a negro. The day I went up there happened to be "court day," and the little town was full of men, women children, dogs, guns and corn whisky. They were drinking, dancing in the streets, and having a jolly time generally. When I drove in and stopped before one of the stores, my driver, who chanced to be very black, was immediately the center of interest. The crowd swarmed around my hack and gazed in wonder at him.

They advised him to "Go wash that black off his face," to "Take off that false face," etc.; and one woman said to another, while walking around him: "I have often heerd tell of 'em, but this is the first one I ever seed." Soon the crowd became very familiar with the poor fellow; first they kicked him, then began firing their pistols and hitting the ground close to his feet. They seemed to think it great fun to make him dance. They treated him so roughly that the merchant advised me to get him away from them and hide him, or he said they would kill him just for the fun of the thing. I finally succeeded in getting him smuggled in the merchant's kitchen, where he was glad to stay until next morning.

I made good sales and left before daylight the next morning, and can honestly say I have never had a driver, either before or since, make such good time as that one did the first ten miles away from that town. It is needless to say I was never able to get the same driver for any subsequent trip, although the country through that region is now very much improved.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Oldest Forename.

In ancient times people had one name only, as Adam or David, and in order to distinguish persons of the same name it was the custom to affix the description "son of" Isaac or Jacob, as the case might be. Thus we get Solomon ben David among the Hebrews, and Evan ap Richard among the Welsh, to quote two examples. Although the argument that those names were not strictly "forenames" is not within weight, yet it is reasonable to accept them as such, seeing that the appellation had to be supplemented by another for the sake of distinction; we are, therefore, entitled to include them within the scope of the question. Adam and other early Biblical names are regarded as the oldest, for obvious reasons; but, excluding these, the choice falls upon Marmaduke, which is the modern rendering of the ancient Chaldean Maruduk and Merodach, the god who interceded constantly between the angry Ea and the humble Damkina, his father and mother. The Romans used both forenames and family names, and of the former two that date back about 2,500 years are still with us, namely, Marcus and Lucius, represented in modern tongues by Mark and the feminine Luc. . The old form "Marcus" is still retained in some families.—Golden Days.

Deposed Statues in Paris.

Paris is capricious even in the matter of her public statutes, which are being constantly dethroned and others set up in their places. The deposed ones are stowed away and there are yards at Auteuil full of them. As for the streets their names, of course, change with every change of wind.

A Dress Parade.

Cholly—I believe I'd kind of like to be a soldier, doncherno.

Reggy—Aw, weally, me deah boy, you're a lad of spirit.

"Just think how the long marches would keep a fellah's twousers from bagging at the knees."—Up to Date.

Loss of Sailors' Lives at Sea.

The life of a sailor is becoming every year safer with the improvements in the construction of vessels. Twelve years ago one sailor in every 106 who went to sea lost his life; now one in 256 is lost.

WORN-OUT MATERIAL.

Republicans Are Again Employing Old Methods in This Year's Campaign.

The republicans seem to have come to the conclusion that they cannot avoid taking notice of the fact that the democratic party stands squarely on the financial issue. So their mills have started up again for the purpose of putting out a goodly quantity of material of a character warranted to kill off silver sentiment at sight. But as this warrant is of the same kind that has been so frequently found defective, the takers of this latest grist will not be sure of its effects. The grist being ground by the mills is not new material, but is the same that was thoroughly ground two years ago. We cannot blame them for this, as the original material was very expensive, (they paid at the rate of $2,000 a night for some of it) and we cannot expect them to purchase any new opinions in an off year.

One of the mills in Indiana has started to grind out "open letters to Senator Turpie." These letters are not expected to reach Senator Turpie, but this is merely an artistic setting for the opinions to be set forth, it being hoped that the coupling of a great name with the literary venture will cause the pseudo-epistles to be read. The writer in this case is R. S. Taylor. He rushes into print with some brand-new (?) ideas—they were new about 20 years ago.

One of the first fine thoughts of the gentleman is expressed in these words: "Inasmuch as we have had unlimited coinage of gold for 100 years and as no one is proposing any change in the law in that respect, this demand for the free and unlimited coinage of gold seems to be unnecessary." How delighted the gold standard men would be and how delighted the currency contractionists would be if the democrats would eliminate from their platform that clause. The gold standard man would then be able to assert that the silver men were waging war on gold as a money metal, and the currency contractionist would be able to hope that the silver men, once in the saddle, would assist in demonetizing gold, as was attempted in Europe about 1857. The contractionist does not care which metal is thrown out. The loss of either will secure the end he desires. But the democratic party is determined to make its position plain, and to demonstrate to the people that it is not fighting a money metal, but is fighting the base principle of contracting the currency of this growing nation. The man that would demonetize gold receives notice that if he attempts to carry out his scheme he need expect nothing but war from the party that is of and for the people.

Mr. Taylor reasserts the old sophistry that silver would at once drive gold "out." Out where, Mr. Taylor? Not out of the country surely, for that could be done only if the balance of trade were against us, and when the balance of trade is against us, the gold will go anyway. Not out of circulation, for some one must own the gold, and the holders of $650,000,000 of money cannot afford to have their property not earn them interest. The idea of money going out of circulation is a fairy tale. Gold did not go out of circulation even during the war, but was mightily active, paying customs duties and performing other duties that were legislated to specie. It was not found much then in the hands of the common people for the reason that there was too great a demand for it in fulfilling the special functions delegated to it by congress. It was not everywhere in evidence because it had been "detailed to special duty." But the congress that remonetizes silver will not "detail gold to any special duty" and will not confer extraordinary privileges upon it. Hence it will be found in the hands of all the people as usual. There is no "out" that it can go to and pay interest to its owners.

H. F. THURSTON.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

——Mr. Hanna predicted that there would be no war, but he can console himself that it has afforded him an opportunity to run a competitive train against Bushnell's for hauling Ohio soldiers back home from camp hospitals for electioneering purposes.—St. Louis Republic.

——There are at least 50,000 democrats in Missouri who will be willing to walk ten miles to get a chance to kick the political life out of any candidate for governor or senator who stands for "pairing" with the gold standard imperialism of the Hannacrats. They will do it, too!—Mississippi Valley Democrat.

——Irritation over the prohibitory law in Vermont and overconfidence in Maine are good enough for any irresponsible commentator on the September elections. But the president cannot afford to be mistaken. If there is to be a series of republican disasters this fall, extending even to the loss of the house of representatives, the president will inevitably be held responsible. He is the head of his party and the only member of it in a position to do or refuse to do the things which may affect the vote of the whole country.—N. Y. Times.

AN EQUITABLE RATIO.

Bimetallists Favor the Coinage of More Money to Help Trade and Industry.

Bimetallists want more 100-cent dollars, and goldites fewer 100-cent dollars—the fewer the better for them. Bimetallists do not fix an unalterable ratio for the coinage of the metals; but demand that there be free coinage of both metals, and favor the existing ratio of sixteen to one, because it has never been demonstrated that free coinage of both metals cannot be maintained at that ratio; but on the contrary it has been demonstrated by a record of 80 years in this country and in Europe that this ratio is an equitable one.

It would be financial folly to advocate any other ratio under existing conditions; and the goldites know this. Hence they do not advocate any other ratio; but howl—to scare the people, and to prevent them from having all the money they ought to have—"50-cent dollars!" A veritable contradiction in terms, and they know it.

Bimetallists are ready to concede that ratios have been changed and may be again; but in order to ascertain what the ratio ought to be conditions must be such as to prevent discrimination between the metals; and these conditions the United States is powerful enough and rich enough to establish unaided by and independent of any European government. Before silver was demonetized in 1873, silver dollars were at a premium of from two to three cents above gold. That was under free coinage. Would it not be folly to change the ratio without some evidence that it is not equitable?

Bimetallists favor free coinage of silver and gold by the United States at the ratio of sixteen to one — the present ratio—a ratio that differs but little from the coinage ratios of the governments of Europe and other portions of the world. They favor this because the business of the world would be benefited by the infusion of more money into the channels of trade. Bimetallists do not want an inequitable ratio. If it is found that sixteen to one is an inequitable ratio after it has been tested, then it can be changed by increasing or diminishing it as may be necessary. But in all probability no change will be necessary.

Does the country need more dollars? Then coin them out of silver and gold. The more the merrier. We don't want dollars based on bonds, but dollars that have the genuine metallic ring to them, and that the tax payers do not have to pay double interest on—interest not only to the banks but to the bondholders. — Illinois State Register.

UNITED DEMOCRACY.

The Party Still Stands by the Declarations Made in the Struggle of 1896.

The democratic party was never more a unit in purpose and work than it is at the present time. It was united on the question of freedom for Cuba; it was united on demanding that retribution be administered to her for the sinking of the Maine and the murder of 266 American seamen.. It stood united in favor of the most vigorous policy in the prosecution of the war and to the extent that the national administration has carried out the will of the people, has been and is as united in its support as is the republican party. The democratic party is united upon the principles of the Chicago platform. The issues upon which the party battled for victory but which met with temporary defeat in 1896, are still alive and are the issues of 1898-99 and 1900.

No scheme of government and no principle which fails to recognize the interests of the toiling masses can be enduring in this country. The democratic party still stands by the principle that would abolish government by injunction. The democratic party still believes that our system of currency and the unequal coinage of gold and silver at our mints are crying wrongs for which there must be redress before this country will see lasting and substantial prosperity. The democratic party is united on the tariff question. The Dingley bill is a revenue destroyer, a labor paralyzer, destructive to American industry and is honeycombed with glaring favoritism to trusts and monopolies as against the men who toil and sweat in workshops, in factory and upon the farm.

The democratic party will go on fighting as in the past for human right, for justice and equality and neither the fever of war nor the temporary vaporings of those who discourse with vagueness "our new responsibilities" or of "the duties providentially laid upon us" will detract from the main issue. The greatest reforms of the future will be accomplished in dealing with our domestic affairs and in handling them properly and we need not lose sight either of maintaining our relations with the rest of the world.

——Republican newspapers are figuring what the republican majority will be in the next senate. Wait until the incubator finishes the job before you begin to count.—Kansas City Times.

WOLFE COUNTY.

CAMPTON CURRENCY.

Hon. D. S. Godsey, of Hazel Green, was in town Saturday.

Dr. James H. Stamper and wife are visiting relatives in Harrison county.

S. S. Combs and son, Courtney, returned Saturday from Louisville and Cincinnati.

Mrs. A. H. Stamper visited her brother, A. S. Lykins, in the country Saturday and Sunday.

Henry M. Sword, of Flat, was in town Saturday. He is teaching a class in vocal music at Bowen.

A quarterly meeting of the Methodist church, south, was held at this place Saturday and Sunday.

Payne Reed, Dan Davis, Fred Williams and Dord Williams, of St. Maur, Johnson county, visited your scribe a few days past.

The many friends of 'Squire John Rose regret that he has gotten into trouble. However, we are confident that a jury of his county will acquit him. Everybody over here believes that the killing was accidental, as the proof will show.

George L. Athey, of this place, of Co. M, Second Kentucky infantry, returned to Lexington on the 18th inst. to be mustered out of service. The physical examination is now going on and the muster out will be completed the last of this week.

James E. Faulkner, of Co. K, First Kentucky infantry, who is at home on 30 days' sick furlough, will report at Lexington on the 28th. His regiment is now in Porto Rico, but will return to Ken ucky in about two weeks to be furloughed out for 30 days prior to being mustered out.

Joe T. Williams, Co. C, Fourth Kentucky infantry, now at Anniston, Ala., writes me that he is enjoying the best of health, but that the boys are anxious to be mustered out. He says that Col. Colson is doing his best to force them into Cuba against their will, and will probably succeed.

Democrats and Republicans of the Old Tenth, let me appeal to you to vote regardless of political affiliations, for Hon. Thos. Y. Fitzpatrick, of the grand old county of Floyd, for congress. He has ever been the poor man's friend, and in the humble cabin and around the big hearthstone, crackling with the music of fireside joy, his name will ever be wreathed with garlands of imperishable glory. I am proud to say that a great many Republicans in this county will join with the Democrats and assist in planting his banner on the topmost heights of victory. If I were to vote for such a man as Seitz I think my conscience would lash me through life. Tom Fitzpatrick has made us an able congressman and he should and will be re-elected by an overwhelming majority. The handwriting is on the wall, and Maj. Seitz will be weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Oct. 24. SUPPLE JACK.

GILLMORE GLEANINGS.

Born, on the 18th inst., to the wife of Andy Haddix, Jr., a girl.

A. R. Graham's family, of Jackson, is moving back to Gillmore, their former home.

The funeral of Rev. James F. Ely was preached last Sunday by Rev. Garrison, Revs. Haulsey and McQuinn failing to attend.

I was pained to hear of the sad occurrence which happened on Lacy creek last Sunday—the killing of Thompson Phipps by John D. Rose, Jr. Particulars not known.

Mrs. R. M. Haddix died the 19th inst., leaving a husband, five children and many relatives and friends to mourn her loss. She had been a member of the Christian church for many years.

Oct. 22. UNCLE REMUS.

The Eagle, King of All Birds,

is noted for its keen sight, clear and distinct vision. So are those persons who use Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve for weak eyes, styes, sore eyes of any kind or granulated lids. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents.

The Telephone Line to Maytown.

Judge Swango informs us that the telephone line will be completed from Maytown to this place this week, which will give us telephonic communication direct to Mt. Sterling. For the present the box will be at Judge Swango's residence.

MORGAN COUNTY.

MAYTOWN MISSIVES.

C. F. Kash was in our midst Monday.

James Hughes, of this place, is quite sick.

A. J. Centers entered school at this place last Monday.

Sorry our news for the past two weeks failed to reach you.

Mrs. Lizzie Kash has been visiting her sons, C. F. and Edgar, the past week.

Mrs. John Henry, of this place, is visiting her father in the country this week.

Robert Swetnam and mother passed through here last week enrote to their home in Bath.

Curtis Bolin, mother and family, of Jackson, have been visiting relatives here for the past two weeks.

Mrs. F. N. Day, of Hazel Green, visited her father and mother, Jordan Wills and wife, of this place Monday.

Henry Gray and two little daughters, of Graines City, were visiting his father-in-law, Mr. Phelps of this place, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Call and little daughter, of Tilton, Ky., who were visiting her father, Mr. Phelps, last week, returned home Sunday.

Weak Eyes Are Made Strong,

dim vision made clear, styes removed and granulated lids or sore eyes of any kind speedily and effectually cured by the use of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It's put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

Cincinnati Live Stock Market.

The Cincinnati Live Stock Record, of Friday, gives the following as the best prices for that day:

No choice cattle on the market today.

Top price for those on sale, $4.80.

Top price for calves, $6.50.

Top price of light hogs, $3.75; heavy, $3.90.

Best sheep brought $4.00.

Best lambs brought $5.50.

The above were actual sales, but it should be borne in mind that they represent the best of their class on the market that day. THE HERALD will each week give the best sales of the Friday before, which is alone worth the price of the paper. NOW is the time to subscribe.

Take Notice.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I, Clay Rose, will not be responsible for any trade that Asa Rose, my son, may make, or act, or any business transaction that he may enter into. And, further, that I exercise no jurisdiction over any property that he owns or has in any way.

Given under my hand this Sept. 24, 1898. CLAY ROSE.

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Nothing can be more demoralizing to young or middle-aged men than the presence of these "nightly losses." They produce weakness, nervousness, a feeling of disgust and a whole train of symptoms. They unfit a man for business, married life and social happiness. No matter whether caused by evil habits in youth, natural weakness or sexual excesses, our New Method Treatment will positively cure you.

NO CURE-NO PAY

Reader, you need help. Early abuse or later excesses may have weakened you. Exposure may have diseased you. You are not safe till cured. Our New Method will cure you. You run no risk.

250,000 CURED

Young Man—You are pale, feeble and haggard; nervous, irritable and excitable. You become forgetful, morose, and despondent; blotches and pimples, sunken eyes, wrinkled face, stooping form and downcast countenance reveal the blight of your existence.

WE CURE VARICOCELE

No matter how serious your case may be, or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it. The "wormy veins" return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become vitalized, all unnatural drains or losses cease and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure assured. NO CURE, NO PAY. NO OPERATION NECESSARY. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

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Desiring to close out my business at this place, I offer for sale all of my

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Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect May 15, 1898.

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 4. Daily.	No. 5. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington ...	7 45 am	2 30 pm
Avon.....	8 10 am	2 55 pm
Winchester..	8 30 am	3 15 pm
Fairlie.....	8 45 am	3 27 pm
Indian F'lds	9 00 am	3 43 pm
Clay City.....	9 16 am	4 01 pm
Stanton.....	9 25 am	4 11 pm
Filson	9 31 am	4 24 pm
Dundee	9 47 am	4 35 pm
Nat. Bridge..	9 54 am	4 40 pm
Torrent	10 08 am	4 54 pm
Beattyv'e Jc	10 29 am	5 16 pm
ThreeF'ks C	10 39 am	5 26 pm
Athol	10 59 am	5 48 pm
Jackson	11 30 am	6 20 pm

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily, ex. Sunday.	No. 3. Daily.
Jackson	5 40 am	2 25 pm
Athol	6 11 am	2 56 pm
Three F'ks C	6 31 am	3 16 pm
Beattyv'e Jc	6 41 am	3 26 pm
Torrent	7 02 am	3 47 pm
Nat. Bridge..	7 18 am	4 01 pm
Dundee.....	7 23 am	4 08 pm
Filson.....	7 34 am	4 24 pm
Stanton	7 48 am	4 35 pm
Clay City.....	7 57 am	4 44 pm
Indian F'lds	8 14 am	4 59 pm
Fairlie.....	8 31 am	5 13 pm
Winchester	8 44 am	5 25 pm
Avon.....	9 04 am	5 45 pm
Lexington...	9 30 am	6 10 pm

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